THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR.

Six years ago when the Czar of Russia proposed the Peace Conference at the Hague, calling on other nations to join in a movement for reducing their standing armies and general military expenditures, Rudyard Kipling startled Europe with his now famous poem, "The Truce of the Bear." In this poem England is represented as a blind beggar, Russia is Adam-zad the Bear. The Russo-Japanese War has brought the poem into new prominence and we are reprinting it herewith:

Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go
By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale below.
Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless and lifeless—toothless, broken of speech,
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each;
Over and over the story, ending as he began:
"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear that walks like a man!

"There was a flint in my musket—pricked and primed was the pan,
When I went hunting Adam-zad—the Bear that stands like a man.
I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow,
When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago.

"I knew his times and his season, as he knew mine, that fed
By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed my house of bread;
I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine, that crept
At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered while I slept.

"Up from his stormy playground—down from his well-digged lair—
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the Bear;
Groaning, grunting and roaring, heavy with stolen meals,
Two long marches to northward, and I was at his heels—

"Two full marches to the northward, at the fall of the second night,
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all panting from his flight.
There was a charge in the musket—pricked and primed was the pan—
My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared up like a man.

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hand in prayer,
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then . . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men.
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!

"Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—
Faceless I fell before his feet, fifty summers ago.
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to his den,
He left me blind to the darkened years and the little mercy of men.

"Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the newer style,
That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I have heard) a mile.
Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and true,
But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the Bear can do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered and gray—
Matun, the old blind beggar, he gives good worth for his pay.)
"Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press him hard—
Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

"But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;
When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-brute guise,
When he veils the hate and cunning of the little, swinish eyes;

"When he shows as seeking quarter (with paws like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the door,
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er;
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at the flame,
Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:—
"There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that look like a man!"

AN ESTIMATE OF SENATOR HANA.

The fairest, most judicial estimate of the late Senator Hanna yet published is that of the New York Outlook of February 20th. Midway between the bitter abuse of the man by his opponents in 1896 and again in 1900, and the fulsome eulogies of his friends since his death, the following article sets the dead Senator in his true place in history:

Marcus A. Hanna, United States Senator from Ohio since 1897, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee since 1896, died in Washington on Monday of this week, at the age of sixty-seven. Mr. Hanna was a generous and devoted friend of Mr. McKinley. An almost romantic attachment existed between the two men, and all the light that has been thrown on their relations shows Mr. Hanan in the attitude of an unselfish supporter and not in any sense a dictator. Mr. Hanna was a party politician who represented a system which is fast going into the background, to be supplanted by a view of public life and a practice of public duties of a much higher order. He was a business man in politics rather than a statesman. He looked at the interests of the country from a business point of view, and a legislator ought to look at the interests of a country from the standpoint of a statesman; which includes the care of business interests but includes also many things which lie outside of and beyond business interests. Mr. Hanna was a straightforward, upright business man, who carried his business virtues into his public life. He was a strong friend and an equally pronounced opponent. He stood loyally by the men who were associated with him, and, according to his conscience, he was a faithful public servant. He was anxious to secure a practical working relation between the workingmen and capitalists, and his endeavors in that direction were sincere and arduous. He succeeded in dissipating a great deal of the prejudice which workingmen entertained against him, and he largely gained their confidence. Among those who knew him well were many who became his warm friends; and during the last five years he had greatly advanced in the regard and confidence of the country. The best that can be said of him is that he was a large-minded business man in public affairs; the worst that can be said of him, that he looked at public affairs largely from the business man's point of view, and, in dealing with them was largely governed by party considerations, and his party affiliations brought him into friendly relations with men whose methods were bad. In the fierce struggles within his own party it was charged, apparently on good authority, that his own methods were not above reproach. There were evidences that the larger interests of his later life were educating him out of machine politics into better methods and higher views.

We hope that in many neighborhoods in which The Progressive Farmer is read, arrangements have already been made for reorganizing Sub Alliances Saturday of this week. If not, there is no time to lose. There need be little formality about such a meeting; the plan of action has already been outlined in The Progressive Farmer. If it is impossible in your neighborhood to effect an organization as early as Saturday, let a later date be fixed on at once. There should be some sort of farmers' club at every school-house in the State.

The Lord's Prayer.

I used to think the Lord's Prayer was a short prayer; but as I live longer, and see more of life, I begin to believe there is no such thing as getting through it. If a man, in praying that prayer, were to be stopped by every word until he had thoroughly prayed it, it would take him a lifetime. "Our Father"—there would be a wall a hundred feet high in just these two words to most men. If they might say, "Our Tyrant," or "Our Monarch," or even "Our Creator," they could get along with it; but "Our Father"—why, a man is almost a saint who can pray that. You read, "Thy will be done;" and you say to yourself, "Oh! I can pray that;" and all the time your mind goes round and round in immense circuits and far-off distances; but God is continually bringing the circuits nearer to you, till He says, "How is it about your temper and your pride? How is it about your business and your daily life?" This is a revolutionary petition. It would make many a man's shop and store tumble to the ground to utter it. Who can stand at the end of the avenue along which all his pleasant thoughts and wishes are blossoming like flowers, and send these terrible words, "Thy will be done," crashing down through it? I think it is the most fearful prayer to pray in the world.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Ruskin's Idea of the Home.

The home is the place of peace; the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home, it is then only a part of the outer world which you have roofed over and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods before whose face none may come but those you can receive with love, so far as it is this, and roof and fire types only of a nobler shade and light—shade as of the rock in a weary land and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea—so far it vindicates the name and fulfills the praise of home. And wherever a true wife goes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at the foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.—John Ruskin.

Dilemma for Young Husbands.

After a man has been married a couple of years, if he doesn't try to act the way he did on his honey moon his wife thinks he doesn't love her any more; if he does, she is ashamed of him for being so foolish.—New York Press.